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The SECOND PART of

11763. PPP. 76.
HENRY

THE

SIXTH

With the DEATH of the

Good Duke HUMPHRY.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



LONDON:

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Bookfellers of
London and Westminster.

MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

- KING Henry VI.
Humphry Duke of Gloucester,
Cardinal Beaufort, B. of Winchester, } *Uncles to the King.*
Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.
Duke of Buckingham, }
Duke of Somerset, } *Of the King's Party.*
Duke of Suffolk, }
Earl of Salisbury, } *Of the York Faction.*
Earl of Warwick, }
Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, his Brother.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of York.*
Richard Plantagenet, }
Vaux. A Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore—*Pirates.*
Hume and Southwel——two Priests.
Bolingbroke, an Astrologer.
A Spirit attending on Jordan the Witch.
Thomas Horner, an Armorer.
Peter, his Man.
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an Impostor.
Jack Cade Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the Butcher,
Smith the Weaver, and several others—*Rebels.*
- Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love with
the Duke of Suffolk,
Dame Eleanor, Wife to the Duke of Gloster.
Mother Jordan, a Witch employ'd by the Dutchess of
Gloucester.
Wife to Simpcox.
- Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers, with
Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.
- The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several
Parts of ENGLAND.



The SECOND PART of
King *HENRY VI.*

A C T I.

Flourish of Trumpets: Then Hautboys, Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufort on the one side The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and and Buckingham on the other.

SUFFOLK.



S by your high imperial majesty,
I had in charge at my depart for
France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princeis *Marg'ret* for your
grace;
So in the famous ancient city, *Tours,*
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil,*
The Dukes of *Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigue, Alanfon,*
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of *England* and her lordly Peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen

[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*
To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:

The happiest gift that ever Marquiss gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret,
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lend'st me life,
Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulness:
For thou hast giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alder-liest sovereign;
Makes me the bolder to salute my King
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words clad with wisdom's majesty,
Make me from wondring, fall to weeping joys,
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Marg'ret, England's happiness.

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French King Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. Reads.] Imprimis, it is agreed between the French King Charles, and William de la Pole, Marquiss of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier, King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirteenth of May next ensuing.

Item. That the dutchy of Anjou, and the country of Main, shall be released and delivered to the King her father.

[*Lets fall the paper.*]

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord,

Some

Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimn'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of *Winchester*, I pray read on.

Win. Item, That the Dutchies of Anjou and Main shall be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.

K. Henry. They please us well, Lord Marquiss kneel you down;

We here create thee the first Duke of *Suffolk*,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of *York*,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I'th' parts of *France*, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle *Winchester*,
Glo'ster, *York*, *Buckingham*, and *Somerſet*,
Salisbury and *Warwick*,

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*]

Remain the rest.

Glo. Brave peers of *England*, pillars of the state,
To you Duke *Humphry* must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother *Henry* spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
'To conquer *France*, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toil his wits
To keep by policy what *Henry* got?
Have you your selves, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
Receiv'd deep Scars in *France* and *Normandy*:
Or hath mine uncle *Bedford*, and my self,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council house,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe?
And was his highness in his infancy

Crowned in *Paris*, in despight of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die?
 Shall *Henry's* conquest, *Bedford's* vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die!
 O peers of *England*, shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory,
 Rasing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 This peroration with such circumstances?
 For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can:
 But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
 Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
 Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him who dy'd for all,
 These countries were the Keys of *Normandy*:
 But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! my self did win them both:
 Tho' these provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
 And are the cities that I got with wounds,
 Delivered up again with peaceful words? *

York. *France* should have torn and rent my very heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this league.
 I never read but *England's* Kings have had
 Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives;
 And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That *Suffolk* should demand a whole fifteenth,

For

* ——— peaceful words?

York. For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike Isle:
France should, &c.

For cost and charges in transporting her :
 She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,
 Before———

Car. My lord of *Glo'ster*, now ye grow too hot :
 It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

Glo. My lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind.
 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.

Rancour will out, proud Prelate ; in thy face
 I see thy fury : If I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.

Lordings, farewell, and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage :

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy ;

Nay more, an enemy unto you all,

And no great friend, I fear me, to the King,

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir apparent to the *English* crown.

Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

Look to it, lords, let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him *Humphry*, the good Duke of *Glo'ster*,

Clapping their hands, and crying with a loud voice,

Jesu maintain your royal excellence,

With, *God* preserve the good Duke *Humphry* :

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,

He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our Sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself ?

Cousin of *Somerſet*, join you with me,

And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,

We'll quickly hoise Duke *Humphry* from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay.

I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently.

] *Exit.*

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry's* pride

And greatness of his place be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal :

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes in the land beside ;
If *Gloſter* be displac'd, he'll be Protector.

Buck. Or *Somerſet* or I will be Protector,
Deſpight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.

[*Ex. Buckingham and Somerſet.*

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition follows him.
While theſe do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm,
I never ſaw but *Humphry* Duke of *Gloſter*
Did bear him like a noble gentleman :
Oft have I ſeen the haughty Cardinal
More like a ſoldier than a man o'th' church,
As ſtout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruſſian, and demean himſelf
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.

Warwick my ſon, the comfort of my age !
Thy deeds, thy plainneſs, and thy houſe-keeping,
Have won the greateſt favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
In bringing them to civil diſcipline ;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
When thou wert Regent for our ſovereign ;
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
Join we together for the publick good,
In what we can to bridle and ſuppreſs
The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal,
With *Somerſet's* and *Buckingham's* ambition ;
And as we may, cheriſh Duke *Humphry's* deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.

York. And ſo ſays *York*, for he hath greateſt cauſe.

Sal. Then let's make haſte, and look unto the main. *

[*Ex. Warwick and Salisbury.*

Manet.

* — unto the main.

War. Unto the main ? Oh father, *Main* is loſt,
That *Main*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, ſo long as breath did laſt :
Main-chance, father, you meant, but I meant *Main*,
Which I will win from *France*, or elſe be ſlain.

Marbet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French*,
Paris is lost, the state of *Normandy*
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
 The peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd
 To change two dukedoms for a Duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all, what is't to them ?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
 And purchase friends and give to curtezans,
 Still revelling like lords till all be gone ;
 While as the silly owner of the goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
 And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
 While all is shar'd, and all is born away ;
 Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
 So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
 Methinks the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
 Unto the prince's heart of *Calidon*.
Anjou and *Maine* both given unto the *French* !
 Cold news for me : For I had hope of *France*,
 Ev'n as I have of fertile *England's* soil,
 A day will come when *York* shall claim his own,
 And therefore I will take the *Newills* parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphry* ;
 And when I spy advantage, claim the crown ;
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
 Then *York* be still a while, till time do serve :
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state ;
 Till *Henry* surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and *England's* dear bought Queen,
 And *Humphry* with the peers be fall'n at jars.

The Second Part of

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
 And in my standard bear the arms of *York*,
 To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*;
 And force perforce I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
 [Exit *York*.

Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor,

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
 Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous load?
 Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What seest thou there? King *Henry's* diadem,
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
 And never more abase our sight so low,
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my King and nephew virtuous *Henry*,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
 My troublous dreams this night to make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll re-
 quite it
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office badge in court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
 But as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset*,
 And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.
 This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument

That

That he that breaks a stick of *Gloster's* grove,
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet Duke:
 Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
 In the Cathedral church of *Westminster*,
 And in that chair where Kings and Queens were crown'd;
 Where *Henry* and *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
 And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright:
 Presumptuous dame, ill-natur'd *Eleanor*,
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,
 And the Protector's wife, bolov'd of him?
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To tumble down thy husband and thy self
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my lord, are you so cholerick
 With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?
 Next time I'll keep my dreams unto my self,
 And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. My lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
 You do prepare to ride unto *St. Albans*,
 Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us?

[*Ex. Glo.*]

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
 Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While *Gloster* bears this base and humble mind,
 Were I a man, a Duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
 And being a woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in fortune's pageant.
 Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay, fear not, man,
 We are alone, here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty.

Elean.

The Second Part of

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning witch;

And *Roger Bolingbroke* the conjurer,

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your highness.

A Spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That shall make answer to such questions

As by your grace shall be propounded him,

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:

When from *St. Albans* we do make return,

We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry, man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Eleanor.*]

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchess's gold:

Marry and shall; but how now, Sir *John Hume*?

Seal up your lips, and give no words, but mum!

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Eleanor's* give gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:

I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;

Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,

They (knowing *Eleanor's* aspiring humour)

Have hired me to undermine the Dutchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;

Yet am I *Suffolk's* and the Cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,

Hume's knavery will be the Dutchess' wrack,

And her attainture will be *Humphry's* fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*
Enter

Enter three or four Petitioners, the Armorer's man being one.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close, my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jesu blefs him.

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a comes methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the first sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord Protector.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me, I took ye for my lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my lord Protector? [*reading*] Are your supplications to his lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, and't please your grace, against *John Goodman*, my lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's some wrong indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the Commons of Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

3 *Pet.* *Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown?*

Q. Mar. What did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the Crown.

3 *Pet.* That my mistress was? no, forsooth; my master said that he was; and that the King was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? — Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King. [*Exit Serv.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

*[Tears the supplications.
Away]*

Away, base cullions : *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise ?

Is this the fashion in the court of *England* ?

Is this the government of *Britain's* Isle ?

And this the royalty of *Albion's* King ?

What, shall King *Henry* be a pupil still,

Under the surly *Gloster's* governance ?

Am I a Queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a Duke ?

I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*

Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies hearts of *France* ;

I thought King *Henry* had resembled thee

In courage, courtship, and proportion :

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave Marias* on his beads ;

His champions are the prophets and apostles,

His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,

His study in his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.

I would the college of the Cardinals

Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,

And set the tripple crown upon his head ;

That were a state fit for his holiness :

Suf. Madam, be patient ; as I was the cause

Your highness came to *England*, so will I

In *England* work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud Protector, have we *Bed-
ford*.

Th' imperious churchman ; *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,

And grumbling *York* ; and not the least of these

But can do more in *England* than the King.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,

Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevils* ;

Salisbury and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord Protector's wife :

She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

More like an Empreſs than Duke *Humphry's* wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the Queen ;

She

She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 Contemptuous base-born callot as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, my self have lim'd a bush for her,
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will light to listen to their lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So let her rest; and madam list to me,
 For I am bold to counsel you in this;
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
 Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So one by one we'll weed them all at last,
 And you your self shall steer the happy helm.

*To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal
 Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the,
 Dutchess.*

K. Henry. For my part, noble Lords, I care not
 which,
 Or *Somerfet*, or *York*, all's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,
 Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

Som. If *Somerfet* be unworthy of the place,
 Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that, *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy betters speak:

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, *Warwick*,

War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, *Buckingham*,
 Why *Somerfet* should be preferr'd in this?

Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself

To

To give this censure, these are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be Protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert King, (as who is King but thou?)
The common-wealth hath daily run to wrack.
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bond-men to thy sov'raignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd, the clergy's
bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law.
And left thee to the mercy of the law,

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in *France*,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Glo.*

Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[*She gives the dutchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet, 'twas against her
will.

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in
time,

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.

[*Exit Eleanor.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

Re-enter

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spightful false objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the law.
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my King and country.
But to the matter that we have in hand :
I say, my Sovereign, *York* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the realm of *France*.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That *York* is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet :
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride ;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of *Somerset* will keep me here
Without discharge, mony, or furniture,
Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famish'd and lost.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong *Warwick*.

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

Enter Horner the Armorer, and his Man Peter.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason.
Pray God the Duke of *York* excuse himself.

York. Doth any one accuse *York* for a traitor ?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk* ? tell me,
what are these ?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason :
His words were these ; that *Richard* Duke of *York*
Was rightful heir unto the *English* crown,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter ; God is my witness, I am
falsly accus'd by the villain.

Peter.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lord, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scow'ring my lord of *York's* armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech : I do beseech your royal Majesty, Let him have all the rigor of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this ; therefore I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge : Let *Somerjet* be Regent o'er the *French*, Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.

And let these have a day appointed them For single combat in convenient place ; For he hath witness of his servant's malice. This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry's* doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight ; for God's sake pity my case ; the spight of man prevaieth against me. O lord have mercy upon me, I shall never be able to fight a blow : O lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison ; and the day of combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, *Somerjet*, we'll see thee sent away.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come my masters, the Dutchess I tell you expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master *Hume*, we are therefore provided : will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?

Hume. Ay, what else ? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit ; but it shall be convenient, Master *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be busie below ;
and

and so I pray you go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother *Jordan*, be prostrate and grovel on the earth, *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor above.

Elean. Well said, my masters, and welcome to all : to this geer, the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady, wizards know their times : Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night, The time of night when *Troy* was set on fire, The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl, When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves ; That time best fits the work we have in hand. Madam, sit you and fear not ; whom we raise We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle, Bolingbroke, or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spirit. *Adsum.*

M. Jord. *Asmuth*, by the eternal God, whose name And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask ; For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt. — That I had said, and done !

Boling. First of the King : What shall of him become ?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that *Henry* shall depose : But him out live, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks they write the answer.*

Boling. Tell me what fates await the Duke of *Suffolk* ?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of *Somerset* ?

Spirit. Let him shun castles.

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake :
False fiend avoid. [*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash
Beldame, I think we watch'd you at an inch.

What

What, madam, are you there? the King and realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to *England's* King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'it where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: What call you this?
Away with them, let them by clapp'd up close,
And kept apart. You, madam, shall with us.

Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.

[*Exeunt Guard with Jordan, Southwel, &c.* *]

The King is now in progress tow'rd's *St. Albans*,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of *York*,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.

* ——— *Southwell, &c.*

† *York.* Lord *Buckingham*, methinks you watch'd her
well;

A pretty plot, well choose to build upon.
Now, pray my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?

[*Reads.*

The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him out-live, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just, *As te Æacidem Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?

By water shall he die and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

Let him spun castles,

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my lords,

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now, &c.

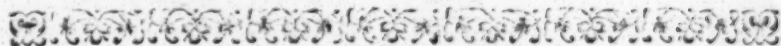
Who

Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Servant-man.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away.

[Exeunt.]



A C T II.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulkners ballowing.

2. Mar. BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years day;
Yet by your leave, the wind was very high,
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your Faulcon
made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest:
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your grace could fly to heav'n?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy?

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'nt it so with King and common-weal.

Glo. What, Card'nal! Is your priesthood grown so
peremptory?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord,
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorship.

Glo. Why, *Suffolk*, *England* knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, *Glo'ster*.

K. Henry. I prithee peace, good *Queen*,
And what not on these too-too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword.

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to
that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for that
matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep :
And if thou dar'st, this evening,
On the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my lords ?

Car. Believe me, cousin *Glo'ster*,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport—Come with thy two-hand sword.

[*Aside to Glo.*

Glo. True, uncle, are ye advis'd ?—The east side the
grove.

Cardinal, I am with you.

[*Aside.*

K. Henry. Why how now, uncle *Glo'ster* ?

Glo. Talking of hawking, nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
for this,

Or all my fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*

Car. [*Aside.*] Protector, see to't well, protect your self.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart ?

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one crying, A Miracle.

Glo. What means this noise ?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

One. A miracle, a miracle !

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

One. Perfooth, a blind man at St. *Alban's* shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight,
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren, bearing
Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife fol-
lowing.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your highness to present the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King,
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good-fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, and't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, and't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, and't like your grace.

K. Henry. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great
to thee:

Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by
chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows of pure devotion, being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good St. Alban; who said, Simpcox, come,
Come offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
My self have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me.

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'st plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons, And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave, but yet it shall not serve;
Let's see thine eyes, wink now, now open them,
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and St.
Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? what colour is this cloak of

Simp. Red, master, red as blood. [mine?

Glo. Why that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet he did never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

Glo. *Saunder*, sit there, the lying'st knave in christendom!

If thou had'st been born blind,

Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus

To know the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My lords, St. *Alban* here hath done a miracle:

Would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp.

Simp. O master, that you could !

Glo. My masters of St. *Albans*,
Have you not beadles in your town,
And things call'd whips ?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, if
you mean to save your self from whipping, leap me over
this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas master, I am not able to stand alone : You
go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with
your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do ? I am not able
to stand.

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long !

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let him be whipt through ev'ry market-town,
Till they come to *Beravick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle.*

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True, made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I ;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin *Buckingham* ?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold :

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,
(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,

B

Raising

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground;
Demanding of King *Henry's* life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forth coming, yet at *London*.
'This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge.
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Glo'ster.*]

Glo. Ambitious church-man, leave t'afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones
Heaping confusion on their own heads?

Queen. Glo'ster, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thy self be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for me, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As like to pitch defile nobility;
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonour'd *Glo'ster's* honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward *London* back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in Justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk to satisfy my self,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible to *England's* crown.

Salis. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War.

War. Sweet *York* begin ; and if thy claim be good,
The *Newils* are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons :
The first, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales* ;
The second, *William* of *Hatfield* ; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence* ; next to whom
Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster* ;
The fifth, was *Edward* Langely, Duke of *York* ;
The sixth, was *Thomas* Woodstock, Duke of *Glo'ster* ;
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.
Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,
Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King,
Till *Henry* Bolingbroke, Duke of *Lancaster*,
The eldest son and heir of *John* of *Gaunt*,
Crown'd by the name of *Henry* the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm, depos'd the rightful King,
Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence she came,
And him to *Pomfret* ; where, as all you know,
Harmless King *Richard* trait'rously was murther'd.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of *Lancaster* the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right :
For *Richard* the first son's heir being dead,
'The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But *William* of *Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of *Clarence*, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue *Philip*, a daughter,
Who married *Edmond* Mortimer, Earl of *March*.
Edmond had issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* :
Roger had issue, *Edmund*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
And, but for *Owen* Glendour, had been King ;
Who kept him in captivity, till he dy'd.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, *Anne*,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
Who was son to *Edmond* Langley.
-*Edward* the Third's fifth son's son ;

By her I claim the kingdom.

She then was heir to *Roger Earl of March*,
Who was the son of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who married *Philip*, sole daughter
Unto *Lionel Duke of Clarence*.

So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?

Henry doth claim the crown from *John of Gaunt*,
The fourth son; *York* here claims it from the third.
Till *Lionel's* issue fail, his should not reign;
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then father *Salisbury* kneel we together,
And in this private plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'reign *Richard, England's King*,

York. We thank you, lords: But I am not your King
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* insolence,
At *Beauford's* pride, at *Somerset's* ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
'Tis that they seek; and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if *York* can prophesie.

Sal. My lord, here break we off; we know your mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of *Warwick*
Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And *Nevil*, this I do assure my self;
Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greatest man in *England* but the King. [Exe.]

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry and State, with guard,
to banish the Dutchess.

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame *Eleanor Cobham*, *Glo'ster's*
wife,

In

In sight of God and us your guilt is great,
 Receive the sentence of the law for sin,
 Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.
 You four from hence to prison, back again;
 From thence unto the place of execution;
 The witch in *Smithfield* shall be burn'd to ashes,
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
 You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,
 Shall after three days open penance done,
 Live in your contry here in banishment,
 With Sir *John Stanley* in the *Ile of Man*.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law thou seest hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor*.
 I cannot justifie, whom law condemns,
 Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 Ah *Humphry*, this dishonour in thine age,
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
 I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go;
 Sorrow would solace, and my age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Gloster*; ere thou go
 Give up thy staff, *Henry* will to himself
 Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
 And go in peace, *Humphry*, no less belov'd,
 Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a King of years
 Should be to be protected like a child:
 God and King *Henry* govern *England's* realm:
 Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My staff! here, noble *Henry*, is my staff:
 As willingly do I the same resign,
 As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine;
 And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 Farewel, good King; when I am dead and gone,
 May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit Glo.*]

Q. Mar. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret* Queen.
 And *Humphry*, Duke of *Gloster*, scarce himself,
 That bears so shrewd a main; two pulls at once;
 His lady banish'd, and a limb lopt off:

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays,
Thus *Elcanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

York Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ah, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Hen. A God's name see the lists and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God guard the right.

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand bag fastned to it; and at the other door his man, with a drum and a sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a fig for *Peter*.

1 Pren. Here *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, *Robin*, if I die, I give thee my apron; and *Will*, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the mony that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much to fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows
Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter.

Peter. *Peter*, forsooth.

Sal. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thump*.

Sal. *Thump*? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Matters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and my self an honest man: And touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen, and therefore *Peter* have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Dispatch: This knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets, Alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold *Peter*, hold; I confess, I confess treason.

York. Take away his weapon: Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this pre.
O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right. (fence?)

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exe.*]

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer, evermore succeeds

The barren winter with his nipping cold;

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's a-clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutcheffs:

Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook

The abject people gazing on thy face,

With envious looks still laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,

When thou didst ride in triumph thro' the streets.

But soft, I think she comes, and I'll prepare

My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutcheſs in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with a Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So pleaſe your grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, ſtir not for your lives, let her paſs by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to ſee my open ſhame? Now thou doſt penance too. Look how they gaze, See how the giddy multitude do point, And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee. Ah *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hateful looks, And in thy cloſet pent up, rue my ſhame. And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this grief.

Elean. Ah *Gloſter*, teach me to forget my ſelf: For whiſt I think I am thy marry'd wife, And thou a Prince, Protector of this land, Methinks I ſhould not thus be lead along, Mail'd up in ſhame, with papers on my back, And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice To ſee my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans. The ruthleſs flint doth cut my tender feet, And when I ſtart the cruel people laugh, And bid me be adviſed how I tread.

Ah *Humphry*, can I bear this ſhameful yoaſ? Trow'it thou that e'er I'll look upon the world, Or count them happy that enjoy the ſun? No: dark ſhall be my light, and night my day. To think upon my pomp, ſhall be my hell.

Sometime I'll ſay, I am Duke *Humphry*'s wife, And he a Prince and ruler of the land: Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was, That he ſtood by, whiſt I his forlorn Dutcheſs Was made a wonder and a pointing ſtock To every idle, rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and bluſh not at my ſhame, Nor ſtir at nothing, till the ax of death Hang over thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.

For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all With her that hateth thee and hates us all) And *York*, and impious *Beauford* that falſe prieſt,¹ Have all lim'd buſhes to betray thy wings:

And

And fly thou how thou can'st, they'll tangle thee :
But fear thou not until thy foot be snar'd,
Ner ever seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear ; thou aimest all awry.
I must offend, before I be attainted :
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldit have me rescue thee from this reproach ?
Why yet thy scandal were not whip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law,
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell* :
I pray thee fort thy heart to patience,
These few days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his Majesty's parliament
holden at *Bury*, the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before ?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there ;
My *Nell*, I take my leave : And master Sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. And't please your grace, here my commission stays
And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the *Isle of Man*.

Glo. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my lady here.

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your grace

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well ; the world my laugh again,
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her : And so, Sir *John*, farewell.

Elean. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exit Gloucester*]

Elean. Art thou gone too ? all comfort go with thee
For none abides with me ; my joy is death ;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley, I pr'ythee go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour ;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the *Isle of Man*,

There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. No; like a Dutchess, and Duke *Humphry's* lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Ser. It is my office, madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell, thy office is discharg'd.
Come, *Stanley*, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for your journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison. [Exe.



A C T III.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Parliament.

K. Henry. I Muse my lord of *Gloster* is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How peremptory and unlike himself!
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the morn
When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the Lion roars,

And

And *Humphry* is no little man in *England*.
 First note, that he is near you in descent,
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
 (Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease)
 That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 By flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts :
 And when he'll please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care I bear unto my Lord
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear :
 Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.
 My lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my allegation if you can,
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this Duke.
 And had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think I should have told your grace's tale.
 The Dutcheß, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet by repeating of his high descent
 As next the King he was successive heir,
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick Dutcheß,
 By wicked means to frame our Sov'raign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The Fox barks not when he would steal the Lamb.
 No, no, my Sovereign, *Glo'ster* is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit:

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
 Levy great sums of mony, through the realm.

For soldiers pay in *France*, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults, to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. Henry. My lords at once; the care you have of
us,

To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking Lamb or harmless Dove:
The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Marry. Ah! what's more dang'rous than this fond
affiance?

Seems he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful Raven.
Is he a Lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the rav'nous Wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord, the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign.

K. Henry. Welcome, lord *Somerset*; what news from
France?

Som. That all our int'rest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, lord *Somerset*; but God's will
be done.

York. Cold news for me: For I had hope of *France*,
As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
But I will remedy this gear ere long.
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art;
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo.

Glo. Well *Suffolk*, yet thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest :
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my Sovereign.
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,

And being Protector, paid the soldiers pay,
By means whereof his Highness hath lost *France*.

Glo. Is it but thought so ? what are they that think it ?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France*.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for *England*.
That do it that e'er I wrested from the King,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day.
No ; many a pound of my own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God.

York. In your Protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me :
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault :
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge your self.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
And here commit you to my lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. My lord of *Gloster*, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear your self from all suspicion ;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous :
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chac'd hence by rancor's hand ;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life :
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.

But mine is made the prologue to their play :
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beauford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk's* cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lyes upon his heart :
And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavours have stirr'd up
My liefeft liege to be mine enemy :
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
(My self had notice of your conventicles)

And all to make away my guiltless life,
I shall not want false witnesses to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt :
The ancient proverb will be well effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht ?
As if she had suborned some to swear

False allegations, to o'erthrow his state.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant; I lose indeed,
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah that my fear were false, ah that it were:

For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit.*]

K. Henry. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth
best,

Do or undo, as if our self were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with
grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;

My body round engirt with misery:

For what's more miserable than discontent?

Ah uncle *Humphry*, in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty:

And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith;

(What low'ring star now envies thy estate?)

That these great lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,

That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong,

And as the butcher takes away the calf,

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house:

Even so remorseless have they born him hence.

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

Looking the way her harmless young-one went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss:

Even so my self bewail good *Gloster's* case

With sad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good:

So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan

Say, who's a traitor? *Glo'ster* he is none.

[*Exit:*

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
hot beams.

Henry, my lord, is cold in great affairs,

Too full of foolish pity: *Glo'ster's* shew

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers:

Or as the snake roll'd in a flowry bank,

With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child

That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,

(And yet herein I judge my own wit good)

This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the world,

To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy.

But yet we want a colour for his death:

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But in my mind, that were no policy:

The King will labour still to save his life,

The commons haply rise to save his life;

And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him die:

Suf. Ah *York*, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York* that hath more reason for his death.

But my lord Cardinal, and you my lord of *Suffolk*,

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:

Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's Protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness then

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,

Because his purpose is not executed.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As *Humphry* prov'd by reasons to my liege;

And

And do not stand on quillets how to slay him :
 Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead ; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done ;
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant ;
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest :

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of *Suffolk*,
 Ere you can take due orders for a priest :
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And I'll provide his executioner,
 I tender to the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I : And now we three have spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from *Ireland* am I come a main,
 To signifie that rebels there are up,
 And put the *Englishmen* unto the sword :
 Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
 Before the wound do grow incurable ;
 For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop !
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That *Somerſet* be sent a Regent thither :
 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd :
 Witnefs the fortune he hath had in *France*.

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
 Had been the Regent there instead of me,
 He never would have staid in *France* so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
 I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.
 Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin :
 Mens flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :
No more, good *York* ; sweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *York*, haſt thou been Regent there,
Might haply have proved far worſe than his.

York. What, worſe than nought ? nay, then a ſhame
take all.

Som. And in the number, thee that wiſheſt ſhame.

Car. My lord of *York*, try what your fortune is ;
Th' uncivil kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Engliſhmen*.
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county ſome.
And try your hap againſt the *Iriſhmen* ?

York. I will, my lord, ſo pleaſe his Majeſty,

Suf. Why, our authority is his conſent,
And what we do eſtabliſh he confirms ;
Then, noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : provide me ſoldiers, lords,
Whiſt I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord *York*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now return we to the falſe Duke *Humphry*.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble us no more :
And ſo break off : the day is almoſt ſpent :
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I muſt talk of that event.

York. My lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days
At *Briſtol* I expect my ſoldiers,
For there I'll ſhip them all for *Ireland*.

Suf. I'll ſee it truly done, my lord of *York*. [*Exeunt.*

Manet York.

York. Now *York*, or never, ſteal thy fearful thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution :
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art
Reſign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than ſpring-time ſhow'rs, comes thought on
thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more buſie than the lab'ring ſpider,
Weaves tedious ſnares to trap mine enemies.

Well

Well nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me you but warm the starved Snake,
Who cherish'd, in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me ;
I take it kindly : yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in *England* some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
(Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,)
Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
And for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* man,
John Cade of *Ashford*,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
And in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And giv'n me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute ;
For that *John Mortimer* which is now dead,
In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.
By this I shall perceive the Commons mind,
How they affect the house and claim of *York*.
Say, he be taken, rack'd and tortured ;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,

And

And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me. [Exit.
Enter two or three running over the stage, from the murder of Duke Humphry.

1. Run to my lord of *Suffolk*; let him know
 We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he commanded.

2. Oh that it were to do! what have we done?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, Sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go get you to my house
 I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:
 The King and all the Peers are here at hand.
 Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions?

1. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [Exit.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, Somerset, with attendants.

K. Henry. Go call our uncle to our presence strait:
 Say we intended to try his grace to-day,
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. Lords take your places; and I pray you
 all

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle *Glo'ster*,
 Than from true evidence of good esteem
 He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman:
 Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion.

K. Henry. I thank thee: Well, these words content
 me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
 Where is our uncle? what's the matter, *Suffolk*?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord, *Glo'ster* is dead.

Q. Mary. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night,
 The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*K. swoons.*

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord? help, lords, the King is dead.

Som. Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help: oh *Henry*, ope thine eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again; madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort my Sovereign, gracious *Henry* comfort.

K. Henry. What, doth my lord of *Suffolk* comfort me?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs:
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me, forbear, I say,
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight:
Upon thy eye-ball's murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fight the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet do not go away; come basilisk
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now *Gloster's* dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of *Suffolk* thus?

Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most christian-like laments his death.

As for my self, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recal his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me?

For it is known we were but hollow friends:

It may be judg'd I made the Duke away.

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,

And Princes courts be filled with reproach:

This

'This get I by his death; ah me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?

I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?

Be poy's'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* tomb?

Why then dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.

Erect his statue, and do worship to it,

And make my image but an ale-house sign.

Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,

And twice by adverse winds from *England's* bank

Drove back again unto my native clime?

What boaded this? but well fore-warning winds

Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set thy footing on this unkind shoar.

What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,

And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;

And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shoar,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock:

Yet *Aeolus* would not be a murtherer,

He left that hateful office unto thee.*

The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged sides;

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish *Margaret*.

As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,

When from thy shoar the tempest beat us back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm;

And when the dusky sky began to rob

My earnest-gaping sight of the land's view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,

(A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)

And threw it tow'rds thy land; the sea receiv'd it,

And

* ——— office unto thee.

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me.

Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shoar

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.

The splitting rocks, &c.

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart.
 And ev'n with this I lost fair *England's* view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of *Albion's* wished coast.
 How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To sit and watch me, as *Afcanius* did,
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*?
 Am I not witcht like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more: dye *Margaret*.
 For *Henry* weeps that thou didst live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke *Humphry* traiterously is murther'd
 By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford's* means:
 The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in their revenge.
 My self have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not *Henry*:
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege: stay, *Salisbury*,
 With the rude multitude, till I return.

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul.
 Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry's* life:
 If my suspect be false, forgive me God,
 For judgment only doth belong to thee.
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.
 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[*Bed with Glo'ster's body put forth.*

And

And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace;

For seeing him, I see my life is death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live

With that dread King that took our state upon him,

To free us from his father's wrathful curse,

I do believe that violent hands were laid

Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives lord *Warwick* for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.

Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost,

Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,

Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,

Who in the conflict that it holds with death,

Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy,

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black and full of blood,

His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,

Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man;

His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling.

His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd:

It cannot be but he was murder'd here:

'The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to
death,

My self and *Beauford* had him in protection,

And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murderers.

War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry's*
death,

And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep:

'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend,

And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you belike suspect these noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humphry's* timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, *Suffolk*? where's the
knife?

Is *Beauford* term'd a kite? where are his talions?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his ranc'rous heart,
That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of *Warwickshire*,
That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

War. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare
him?

Q. Mar. He dare not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the *Nevil's* noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther buckles thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st;
That thou thy self wast born in bastardy:
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* ghost. *Exe.*

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mary. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why how now, lords? your wrathful
weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the men of *Bury*
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart, the King shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless lord *Suffolk* strait be put to death,
Or banished fair *England's* territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* dy'd;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet notwithstanding such a strange edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue
That silyly glided tow'ards your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;

Last

Lest being suffer'd in that harmless slumber,
 The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you whe'er you will or no,
 From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is ;
 With whose invenomed and fatal sting
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within.] An answer from the King, my lord
 of *Salisbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their Sovereign :
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator you are.
 But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
 Is, that he was the lord ambassador
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all
 break in.

K. Henry. Go *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care ;
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
 For sure my thoughts do hourly prophesie
 Mischance unto my state by *Suffolk's* means.
 And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
 Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
 He shall not breathe infection in this air
 But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*.

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
 No more, I say : If thou dost plead for him,
 Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
 Had I but said, I would have kept my word ;
 But when I swear, it is irrevocable :
 If after three days space thou here be'st found,
 On any ground that I am ruler of,
 The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

Come *Warwick*, come good *Warwick*, go with me ;
 I have great matters to impart to thee.

Exit.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you,
 Heart's discontent and sour affliction,

Be play-fellows to keep you company ;
 There's two of you, the devil make a third,
 And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps.

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations,
 And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
 Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy ?

Suf. A plague upon them ; wherefore should I curse
 them ?

Would curses kill as doth the mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract :
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
 And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink,
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste,
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees,
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks,
 Their softest touch as smart as lizards stings,
 Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss,
 And boading screech-owls make the consort full.
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st thy
 self,

And these dread curses like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thy self.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
 Now by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh let me intreat thee cease, give me thy
 hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears.

Nor let the rain of heav'n wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
Oh, could this kifs be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone that I may know my grief,
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want :
I will repeal thee, or be well assur'd
Adventure to be banished my self:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone——
Oh go not yet——Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kifs, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather an hundred times to part than die :
Yet now farewel, and farewel with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.
For where thou art there is the world it self,
With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world :
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life ;
My self no joy in ought but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast ? what news, I
pr'ythee ?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
That Cardinal *Beauford's* at the point of death :
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry's* ghost
Were by his side ; sometimes he calls the King,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul :
And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the King,

[*Ex. Vaux.*

Ay

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting *Suffolk's* exile, my soul's treasure?
 Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
 'Theirs for the earth's increase; mine for my sorrows.
 Now get thee hence, the King thou know'st is coming,
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live,
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
 Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes;
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:
 So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body.
 And then it liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest,
 From thee to die, were torture more than death;
 Oh! let me stay, besal what may besal.

Q. Mar. Away; though parting be a fretful corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.
 To *France*, sweet *Suffolk*; let me hear from thee:
 For wherefoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an *Iris* that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
 That ever did contain a thing of worth,
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
 'This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exe. severally.
*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
 Cardinal in Bed.*

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak *Beauford* to thy
 Sovereign.

Car. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's* trea-
 sure,
 Enough to purchase such another Island,

So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my tryal when you will.

Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live whe'er they will or no?

Oh torture me no more, I will confes —

Alive again? then shew me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him —

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:

Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:

Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;

Oh beat away the busie meddling fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure
be.

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heav'n's blifs,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign! O God forgive him.

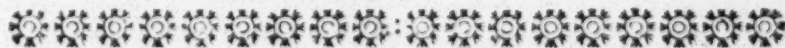
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,

And let us all to meditation.

[Exe.]



ACT IV.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain
Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and other
Prisoners.

Cap. **T**HE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragick melancholy night;
 Who with their drowfie, flow, and flagging wings
 Clap dead men's graves; and from their misty jaws
 Breathe foul contagious darknes in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize:

For whilst our pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,
 Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;

And thou that art his mate, make boot of this:

The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

1 *Gen.* What is my ransom, master, let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?

Cut both the villains throats, for die you shall:

Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
 And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[To Suffolk,

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman,
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me, that by *Water* I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,

Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,

Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags?

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.
Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King *Henry's* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom:

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret*?

Remember it, and let it make thee crest-faln,

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my word stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? lord?

Ay kennel—puddle—sink, whose filth and dirt

Troubles the silver spring where *England* drinks:

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

For swallowing up the treasure of the realm.

Thy lips that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry's* death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to assie a mighty lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless King,

Having nor subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great.
 And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 By thee *Anjou* and *Main* were sold to *France* ;
 The false revolting *Normans* thorough thee
 Disdain to call us lord ; and *Picardie*
 Hath slain the governors, surpriz'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevils* all,
 (Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)
 Are hating thee, are rising up in arms,
 And now the house of *York* (thrust from the crown
 By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
 And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)
 Burns with revenging fire, whose hopeful colours
 Advance a half-fac'd sun striving to shine ;
 Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.
 The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms :
 And to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Is crept into the palace of our King,
 And all by thee. Away, convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paultry, servile, abject drudges :
 Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* pyrate.
 Drones suck not eagles blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thy self.
 Thy words move rage and not remorse in me :
 I go of message from the Queen to *France* ;
 I charge thee waite me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter——

Whit. Come *Suffolk*, I must waite thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*, it's thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

Gent. My gracious lord intreat him ; speak him fair,

Suf. *Suffolk's* imperial tongue is stern and rough;

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these

With

With humble suit ; no ; rather let my head
 Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heav'n and to my King ;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 True nobility is exempt from fear :
 More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more ;
 Come soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot.
 Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.

A *Roman* sworder and *Banditto* slave
 Murther'd sweet *Tully*. *Brutus*' bastard hand
 Stabb'd *Julius Cæsar* ; savage *Islanders*
Pompey the Great : And *Suffolk* dies by *Pirates*.

[*Exit* *Walter Whitmore* with *Suffolk*.]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
 It is our pleasure one of them depart ;
 Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Ex. Captain and the rest*.]

Manet the first Gent. Enter *Whitmore* with the body.

Whi. There let his head and liveless body lye,
 Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit* *Whit*.]

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle
 His body will I bear unto the King :
 If he revenge it not, yet will his friends,
 So will the Queen that living held him dear. [*Exit*.]

Enter *Bevis* and *John Holland*.

Bevis. Come and get thee a sword though made of a
 lath ; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee *Jack Cade* the clothier means to dress
 the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap up-
 on it.

Hol. So he had need, 'tis thread-bare. Well, I say
 it was never a merry world in *England* since gentlemen
 came up.

Bevis. O miserable age ! virtue is not regarded in
 handy-crafts men.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's council are no good
 workmen.

Hol.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*; which is a much as to say, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's *Beff's* son, the tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher.

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver.

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter *Cade*, *Dick the butcher*, *Smith the weaver*, and a *lawyer*, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed father.

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer*——

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*——

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies*——

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Weav. But now of late not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in *Cheapside* shall my palfry go to grass; and when I am King, as King I will be——

All. God save your Majesty

Cade. I thank you good People. There shall be no mony, all shall eat and drink upon my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings, but I say 'tis bees wax; for I did but seal once to a thing and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of *Chatham*; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations and write court hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters 'twill go hard with you.

Cade.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name ? or hast thou a mark to thy self like an honest plain dealing man ?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest ; away with him ; he is a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say : hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our general ?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly ; Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand villain, stand, or I'll fell the down ; he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a Knight, is a ?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him I will make my self a Knight presently ; rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of *Kent*, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom, The King is merciful if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward ; therefore yield or die.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves I pass not, It is to you good people that I speak, O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign ; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer, And thou thy self a shearman, art thou not ?

Cade. And *Adam* was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that ?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earl of *March* married the Duke of *Clarence's* daughter, did he not ?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question ; but I say 'tis true :
The

The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I, deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry will we, therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. Go too, *Sirrah*, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake *Henry* the fifth (in whose time boys went to span-counter for *French* crowns) I am content he shall reign, but I'll be Protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the lord *Say's* head, for selling the Dukedom of *Main*.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is *England* maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go too then; I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of the enemy be a good counsellor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*;
That those which fly before the battel ends,
May (even in their wives and childrens fight)
Be hang'd up for example at their doors;

And you that be the King's friends follow me. [Exit.

Cade. And you that love the Commons follow me.

Now

Now shew your selves men, 'tis for liberty.
 We will not leave one lord, one gentleman;
 Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone,
 For they are thrifty honest men, and such
 As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.*

Enter Cade and the rest.]

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Ashford*?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'st thy self as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house; therefore thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it is, and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'd no less. This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to *London*, where we will have the Mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London*. [Exeunt.]

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, And makes it fearful and degenerate;
 Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
 But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
 Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
 But where's the body that I should imbrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy Bishop to intreat;
 For God forbid so many simple souls
 Should perish by the sword, And I my self,
 Rather than bloody war should cut them short,

Will parly with *Jack Cade* their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandring planet over me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have
thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your Highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, madam?

Lamenting still, and mourning *Suffolk's* death?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,

Thou would'st not half have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for
thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou
in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my lord:
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord *Moriimer*,
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence's* house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother's death
Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed:
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what
they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to *Killingworth*,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive,
These *Kentish* rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter

The Second Part of

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-Bridge,
The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses;
The rascal people thinking after prey
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come *Marg'ret*, God our hope will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my lord, trust not to *Kentish* rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1. Cit. No, my lord, nor like to be slain: for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the Lord-Mayor craves aid of your honour from the *Tower* to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them my self.

The rebels have assay'd to win the *Tower*.

But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,
And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*.

Fight for your King, your country and your lives,
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London Stone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* lord of this city, and here sitting upon *London Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's cost the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

Weav. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more, I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield*. *Cade*

Cade. Come then let's go fight with them: but first go and set *London-bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. [*Exe. omnes.*]

Alarum. *Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest.*

then enter Jack Cade with his company.

Cade. So Sirs: Now go some and pull down the *Savoy*: others to the Inns of courts, down with them all,

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be fore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm, my mouth shall be the parliament of *England*.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord *Say* which sold the town in *France*, he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah thou *Say*, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord, now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monsieur *Bafimecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of lord *Mortimer*, that I am the bosom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun*
an

and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of the peace to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too, as my self for example that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*.

Dick. What say you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this Isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
I sold not *Main*, I lost not *Normandy*,
Yet to recover them would lose my life;
Justice with favour have I always done,
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never;
When have I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book prefer'd me to the King:
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
Unless you be possess'd with dev'l'sh spirits,
Ye cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
folks?

Say.

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor mens causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsie, and not fear, provokes me,

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour speak?

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.

O let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him, he has a familiar under his tongue, he speaks not a God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently, and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, country-men, if when you make your pray'rs, God should be so obdurate as your selves,

How would it fare with your departed souls?

And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it; men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that there wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brave?

Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well
When they were alive, Now part them again,
Lest thy consult about the giving up
Of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers,
Defer the spoil of the city until night;
For with these borne before us, instead of maces,
Will we ride through the streets, and at every corner
Have them kiss. Away. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again *Cade*, and all his
Rabblement.

Cade. Up *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnes* Corner, kill
and knock down, throw them into *Thames*.

A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear?

Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
When I command them kill!

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led,
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty*;
Wha hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by,

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so
brave? and you, base peasants, do ye believe him?
will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your
necks? hath my sword therefore broke through *London*
gates, that you should leave me at the *White-hart* in
Southwark?

Southwark? I thought you would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom : but you are all recreants and bastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light upon you all.

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth, That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him ? Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*, And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes ? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to : Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends and us. Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar, The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ? Methinks already in this civil broil I see them lording it in *London* streets, Crying *Villiano* unto all they meet. Better ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry, Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* mercy. To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have lost ; Spare *England*, for it is your native coast. *Henry* hath mony, you are strong and manly : God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A *Clifford* ! a *Clifford* ! we'll follow the King and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude ? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying ; in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you ; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base and ignominious treasons make me betake me to my heels. [Exit.]

Buck. What, is he fled ? go some and follow him. And he that brings his head unto the King

Shall

Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[*Exeunt some of them*]

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

To reconcile you all unto the King. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset on the terras.

K. Henry. Was ever King that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?

No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

But I was made a King at nine months old:

Was never subject long'd to be a King,

As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your Majesty.

K. Hen. Why *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks

Clif. He's fled my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield,
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your Highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

And shew'd how well you love your Prince and country;

Continue still in this so good a mind,

And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,

Affure your selves will never be unkind:

And so with thanks and pardon to you all,

I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*,

And with a puissant and mighty pow'r

Of gallow-glasses and stout kernes,

Is marching hitherward in proud array:

And still proclaimeth as he comes along.

His arms are only to remove from thee

The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state 'twixt *Cade* and *York* distressed,

Like to a ship that having 'scaped a tempest

Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pyrate.

But

But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men dispers'd,
And now is *York* in arms to second him.
I pray thee *Buckingham* go and meet with him,
And ask him what's the reason of these arms:
Tell him I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower*,
And *Somerſet* we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be diſmiſt from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield my ſelf to priſon willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any caſe be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal
As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
better,

For yet may *England* curſe my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition; fie on my ſelf that have a
ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe five days
have I hid me in theſe woods and durſt not peep out,
for all the country is laid for me: but now am I ſo
hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life for a
thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a
brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden, to ſee if I can
eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while, which is not
amiſs to cool a man's ſtomach this hot weather; and I
think this word ſallet was born to do me good, for many
a time but for a ſallet my brain-pan had been cleft with a
brown bill: and many a time when I have been dry,
and bravely marching, it hath ſerv'd me inſtead of a
quart-pot to drink in; and now the word ſallet muſt
ſerve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy ſuch quiet walks as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I ſeek not to wax great by other's waining,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have, maintains my ſtate,
And ſends the poor well pleaſed from my gate.

D

Cade.

Cade. Here's the lord of the foil come to seize me for a stray, for entring his fee-simple without leave. Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand crowns of the King by carrying my head to him, but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be, I know thee not, why then should I betray thee? Is't not enough to break into my garden, And like a thief to come to rob my grounds, Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner, But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while *England* stands, That *Alexander Iden*, an Esquire of *Kent*, Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man. Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine, See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks: Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser: Thy hand is but a finger to my fist, Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon. My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast, And if mine arm be heaved in the air, Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth: As for more words, whose greatness answers words, Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

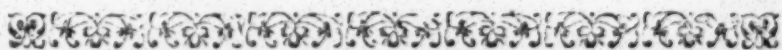
Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my knees thou may'st be turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight.*] O I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me, let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this house; because the unconquer'd soul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword,

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead.
 Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
 But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
 To emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. *Idem*, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell
Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all
 the world to be cowards; for I that never fear'd any,
 am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Idem. How much thou wrong'st me, heav'n be my judge;
 Die damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
 And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
 And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
 Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. [*Exit.*]



A C T V.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.

York. FROM Ireland thus comes *York* to claim his
 right,

And pluck the crown from feeble *Henry's* head.
 Ring bells aloud, burn bonfires clear and bright,
 To entertain great *England's* lawful King.
 Ah Majesty! who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey that know not how to rule.
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword or scepter balance it.
 A scepter shall it have, have I a soul,
 On which I'll toss the Flower-de-Luce of *France*.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here; *Buckingham* to disturb me?

The King hath sent him sure : I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

Buck. A messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace ?

Or why thou being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave ?
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court ?

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
Oh I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms.

And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the King :
More like a King, more kingly in my thoughts.
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weak and I more strong. (Aside.)

O *Buckingham* ! I prythee pardon me,
That I have giv'n no answer all this while ;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his grace and to the ſtate.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part,
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand :
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour is he prisoner ?

Buck. Upon mine honour he is prisoner.

York. Then *Buckingham* I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse your selves ;
Meet me to-morrow in *St. George's* field,
You shall have pay and ev'ry thing you wish.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live ;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
Is his to use, so *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission,

We twain will go into his Highness' tent.

Enter King Henry and attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,

York doth present himself unto your Highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To have the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Whom since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a King,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head:
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade? great God! how just
art thou?

O let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Idem. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,
A poor Esquire of Kent that loves the King:

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; rise up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See Buckingham, Somerset comes with the
Queen;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now? is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall:

Shall I endure the sight of *Somerſet*?
 False King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
 Knowing how hard'y I can brook abuſe?
 King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:
 Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
 Which durſt not, no, nor canſt not rule a traitor.
 That head of thine doth not become a crown:
 Thy hand is made to graſp a palmer's ſtaff,
 And not to grace an awful princely ſcepter.
 That gold muſt round engirt theſe brows of mine,
 Whoſe ſmile and frown (like to *Achilles'* ſpear)
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 Here is a hand to hold a ſcepter up,
 And with the ſame to act controlling laws:
 Give place; by heav'n thou ſhalt rule no more
 O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monſtrous traitor! I arreſt thee, *York*,
 Of capital treaſon 'gainſt the King and crown;
 Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Would'ſt have me kneel? firſt, let me aſk of thee,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man;
 Sirrah, call in my ſons to be my bail:
 I know, ere they will let me go to ward,
 They'll pawn their ſwords for my enfranchiſement.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
 To ſay, if that the baſtard boys of *York*
 Shall be the ſurety for their traitor father.

York. O blood beſpotted *Neapolitan*,
 Out caſt of *Nuples*, *England's* bloody ſcourge!
 The ſons of *York*, thy betters in their birth,
 Shall be their father's bail, and bane to thoſe
 That for my ſurety will reſuſe the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happineſs to my lord the King.

York. I thank thee, *Clifford*, ſay, what news with thee;
 Nay, do not fright me with an angry look:
 We are thy ſovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
 For thy miſtaking ſo, we pardon thee.

Clif.

Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake,
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do;
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.

Clif. He is a traitor, let him to *Tower*,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve,

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.

I am the King, and thou a false-heart traitor;
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bearward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held,
Who being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose your selves to match lord *Warwick*.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed lest by your heat you burn your selves.

K. Hen. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old *Salisbury*, shame, to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh where is faith? oh where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty hand,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?

Wilt

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
 And shame thine honourable age with blood?
 Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
 Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
 For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
 That bows unto the grave with milky age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with my self
 The title of this most renowned Duke,
 And in my conscience do repute his grace
 The rightful heir to *England's* royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such
 an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow
 To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for his wrong.
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The first, I warrant thee; if dreams prove
 true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
 Than any thou canst conjure up to day:
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
 Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old *Newil's* crest,
 The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
 (As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
 That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
 Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
 And

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for Shame, speak not in spight
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis *Warwick* calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dying mens cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford I say, come forth, and fight with me,
Proud northern lord, *Clifford* of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,
And made a prey for carrion, kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold *Warwick*: seek thee out some other chase,
For I my self must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then noble *York*, 'tis for a crown thou fight'st:
As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit War.*]

Clif. What see'st thou in me, *York*? why dost thou
pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right expresses it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both.

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly. [*Fight.*]

Clif. *La fin couronne les oeuvres.* [*Dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still;
Peace

The Second Part of

Peace with his soul, hea'vn, if it be thy will. [Exit.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout :
 Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
 Where it should guard. O war ! thou son of hell,
 Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance. Let no foldiers flie.
 He that is truly dedicate to war
 Hath no self-love ; for he that loves himself
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour. O let the vile world end,
 And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heav'n together.
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease. Wast thou ordained, O dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
 The silver livery of advised age ;
 And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle ? Even at this fight
 My heart is turn'd to stone ; and while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. *York* not our old men spares :
 No more will I their babes : Tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
 Meet I an infant of the house of *York*,
 Into as many gobbits will I cut it,
 As wild *Medea* young *Absintus* did.
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* house :
 As did *Aeneas* old *Anchises* bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;
 But then *Aeneas* bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his Father.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lye thou there : *Somerfet is kill'd.*
 For underneath an ale-house paltry sign,
 The castle in *St. Albans*, *Somerfet*

Hath

Hath made the wizard famous in his death;
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow, for shame away.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heav'ns? good *Margaret.*

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to *London* get, where you are lov'd,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stop't.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: Incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away for your relief, and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away.

[Exeunt.]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day
Is not it self, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times he strid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:

But still where danger was, still there I met him,
 And like rich hangings in an homely house,
 So was his will in his old feeble body.
 But noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
 By th' mafs so did we all. I thank you, *Richard*.
 God knows how long it is I have to live;
 And it hath pleas'd him that three times to-day
 You have defended me from imminent death.
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we have,
 'Tis not enough foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them,
 For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
 To call a present court of parliament.
 Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
 What say lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
 Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day.
 St. *Alban's* battle, won by famous *York*,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
 Sound drum and trumpeis, and to *London* all,
 And more such days as these to us befall.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



